

CHICKEN - HEAD RECORDS

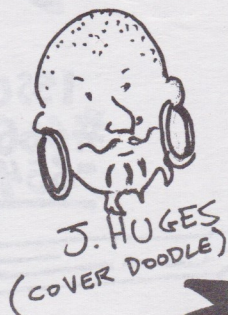
ZINE

ISSUE
#666
-654



CHICKEN-HEAD RECORDS ZINE #12

OCTOBER 20004! 3 YEARS OF KILLING TREES! YEAH, FUCK YOU HIPPIE!



J. HUGHES
(COVER DOODLE)



HEF
(REVIEWS)



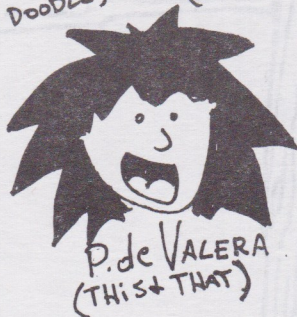
FOGHORN
(REVIEWS)



C-DUB
(REVIEWS & RANTS)



HANDZON
(REVIEWS)



P. de VALERA
(THIS & THAT)



THE-B
(GHETTO NOMICON)



J. ROSS
(COLUMNS)



THE WIZARD
(MASTER OF CHEESE)



GRANT
(COMIX)

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AD RATES: 1/4 PAGE \$20.00 1/2 PAGE \$40.00 FULL \$80.00 MAKE CHECKS OUT TO: PAUL de VALERA

QUALITY COFFEE HOUSE PATRONS

OLD ROCKER-DUDE W/
BALDING COMB-OUT INSTEAD
OF COMB OVER.



MISS PIGGY LOOK-ALIKE
CONTEST WINNER 2003



TRIBAL TATTOO GUY FROM
THE TRIBE OF ENCINO



PFD '04

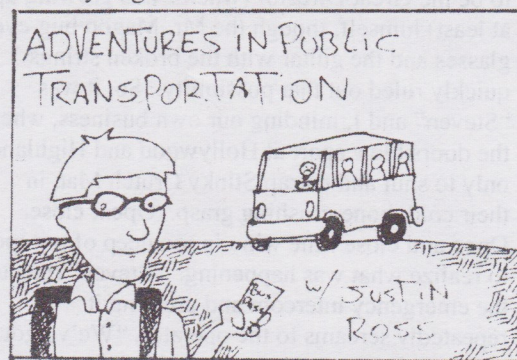


Firstly a quick one: Fuck Sushi. That stuff is lame. It's not that the stuff is raw, it is not good. Every time this comes up in conversation, the knee jerk reaction from the sushi pundits is "Oh, well you didn't have the right/good kind of sushi." No, food with a disclaimer is bullshit. When I make a peanut butter sandwich, they rule every time. I don't want food that's temperamental. Having to deal with retarded humans is enough, but then my meal can get out of wack if things aren't just right? So all you sushi-eating bastards can go to hell. George Washington Carver, you're my hero.

Homeless people: they suck. And why do you ask? Well, I've had a change of vocation and instead of dealing with lame kids (goodbye L.A.U.S.D. forever!); I now deal with the adult versions of these once child loser fuck-ups. Now I interact with a wide cross section of the populace and many homeless people. Now before you get your panties in a wad over this, let me ask you something: when you drive along, and you see a stranded motorist, do you pull over and offer help? More likely than not your answer is no. Why, because we don't care all that much about strangers. It's normal not to. And it's easy to champion hopeless causes such as homelessness, animal rights, & the environment. Every single one of the homeless people that I deal with are homeless because they made themselves homeless, and many of them want to be homeless. The main conduit to them being homeless was some form of substance abuse, usually alcohol or speed, this can also lead to Jesus but that's another story. Once they hit bottom, they tend to stay there because it's easier than getting back on your feet. All of this is not news to most people that are even the slightest bit worldly. I have, however, noticed two distinct characteristics that all the homeless people I have encountered have. Firstly, they all have an entitlement issue. These people are what one of my homeless patrons calls a career homeless, that is if they get say, a free pair of shoes, they'll complain about the style or the color. They go around with the sense that they are owed something just for being alive. I've heard many stories where they tell me of not willing to work for less than X an hour; that they aren't allowed to sleep in someone's yard anymore etc., and of course nothing is their fault. All of them feel that they are entitled to goods, services, and respect but are not willing to take the necessary steps to secure these things. Secondly, homeless people

by and large are takers. What I mean by this is that they are very selfish and self-centered people and are only interested in helping themselves. Even in this capacity, they will often not even lift a finger to help themselves. If something is offered, the homeless person will take and take and will think nothing of taking more than their fair share. If you help these people, they will always have an expectation of assistance, and you may have guessed, they will always "need" help. You give assistance to someone because you hope that it will get them to a place where the help will no longer be necessary, not the case with your atypical homeless person. Everyone else in the world is a giver to a certain extent. When you go out and give up some of your time to have a job so you can put a roof over your head, you're giving. When you go see some local bands and pay the 5 bucks instead of trying to weasel in for free, you're giving. When you give your friend a ride to a job interview, you're giving. Basically, by making connections with others and having friendships (real friendships; that's another issue) you'll wind up giving a part of yourself to others. Homeless people don't give at all unless there's a contingency, which means that they don't really give. So with that being said, fuck the homeless.

On a similar note, I'd like to add that Food Not Bombs needs a bomb. Fuck all you crusty punks with your pre-packaged high-minded ideals while you beg for change for your next 40 oz. Go die. The last thing I want is some Herpes infected, unwashed crusty punk with an anal fissure and infected piercings serving me food that they dug out of the trash.



"Strangers on the Train"

Hello again. Thankfully you and I are no longer strangers; just two people making our way in this zany world – you in your comfortable, air-conditioned Jetta, I pounding the pavement; waiting in the torrid heat for my Redeemer, the All-Powerful MTA to whisk me away.

Driver: "What'll it be today, sir? The 99c Store for some groceries? Or perhaps you're just on your way to work, for the MAN?"

Me: "One please, hold the crazies."

Driver: "Oh, I'm afraid that's quite impossible. You see, as I understand it, there's nowhere for them to go since Reagan opened the asylum doors. Truth is, I used to reside there myself before I got help from the Heabums."

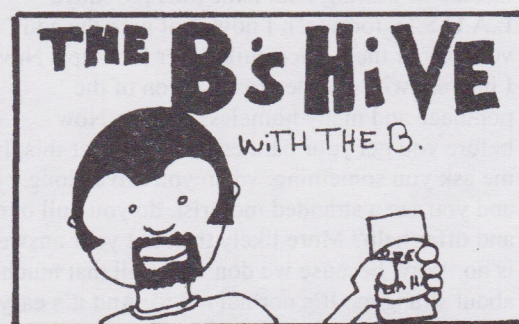
Me: "The heabums?"
Driver: "Yeah, where Jesus is."
Me: "Jesus."
Driver: "Right."

B.R.A. (Bus Riders Anonymous) is holding its annual conference at the Los Angeles Convention Center this weekend and my leader has asked me to relate the following account to the thousand-strong crowd that will be in attendance. Not being the most accomplished public speaker, I have written out my story and am passing it to you for your perusal. Please, tell me what you honestly think. I've been honest with you; every word of the following is true:

Sometimes, it is easier to get from point A to B by taking the Metro train – even when that usually means stopping at C, N, and Q first. Time wise, it's what was workin' that particular May Day (pun intended). Picture the scene: 11pm, Hollywood and Vine station. As I was jetting down the steps, a man on crutches who had obviously (we're talking obvious to Orange County obvious) been drinking and pissing on himself for days, asked me in all seriousness where the train was. For those of you who have not had the luxury, understand that once anyone is inside the station, which we were, there are only two choices: to the train, or back to the street. "Follow me!" I yelled, backpack in tow, knowing better and never once stopping to look back at the guy. I arrived at last, on the loading docks; on my way to the House that Steven Spielberg helped build, Universal City. In fact, the steel doors opened upon what I first believed to be the Great Director (when I was growing up at least) himself, though the Mr. Magoo bug-eye glasses and the guitar with the broken strings quickly ruled out that possibility. So, it was "Steven" and I, minding our own business, when the doors blew apart at Hollywood and Highland, only to shut and entrap Stinky Crutch Man in their cold, bone-crushing grasp. Open; close. Open and close - the wino in too deep of a stupor to realize what was happening. "Steven" runs to the emergency intercom and pressing it repeatedly screams to the operator, "We've got a problem, repeat we've got a problem here!" "Please shut the left side door," the dip-shit driver replies coolly. "Uh, he's stuck in the door, repeat, stuck in the door. Smells like he's pissed himself. Just let him out, man; do us all a favor!" "Steven" informed him. Meanwhile, three large men jumped from their seats and on a three count, pushed Stinky Crutch Man out unto the platform, sticks and all, boom. Automatically, the doors close. We all breathe a sigh of relief. Seconds later they fly open and in walks the operator and two security officers. Immediately, he stares down three African American gentlemen in the front row: "What seems to be the problem here?!" he yells at them. Too stunned to retort, one of the guys who coaxed Stinky off of the caboose told him what

had happened. "Oh, I see," said the driver and he left, as though nothing had taken place; as though he hadn't made a horrible, prejudicial assumption. A member of the trio burst out laughing then: "Man, first thing that guy did was look at us! I've ridden the train for years, and I ain't never seen that before!" he observed. "Steven" told all of us how he'd nearly "lost his cookies" over Crutch Man's stench before launching into a flat, tuneless Bob Dylan: "...there was a young man from Nazareth..." I can still hear him in my most painful nightmares.

The moral of the tale is this: racism; prejudice still exist today. We still need our Martin Luther King's and Rosa Parks' – though sitting in the back of that train might have been a better idea. Until next time, I will see you on the rails, or the roads. No, I am not the one who hasn't showered in weeks and uses his 1969 Levis as his urinal – I'm the sweet blonde boy crammed between him and the man with duct tape over his mouth. We're still not sure if that was in protest of the Bush administration or, as a friend suggested, to "keep his soul inside." What do you think?

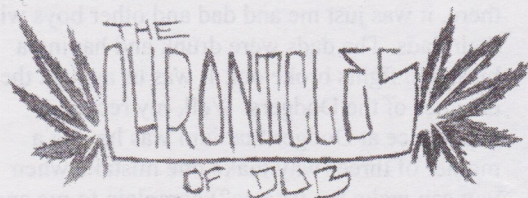


This one's called: I'm not going to stop living my life because you're diaphragm malfunctioned Darlings, cuties, mijos, yes, all of those words are terms of endearment for those unexpected accidents known as children. Now before you get offended, I thought I'd let you in on a little known secret: most of us are accidents. My mother, just like yours, told me that I was a planned pregnancy. I know that's bullshit, because no one plans a pregnancy. You can plan contraception or an abortion, but you can never be sure whether or not you are successfully impregnating someone. The jury's out on that one for at least a month (as Bruce Cheng knows all too painfully well). Now, having this knowledge, I have conformed my behavior with regards to where I dump my semen. There are only a few special locations I leave it, all of which I will share with you now. #1 (My Blanket)-My blanket has been on the receiving end of every one of my jerk off sessions since I was 10. It has received the payloads of countless wanks. From my perverted mental images of Linda Carter (circa 1980) to Salma Hayek (circa right now beatch), it has received more love than a third world country Olympic gold medallist. #2-(A Condom): Now, I know that

there are a lot of you who say that you don't like condoms because it reduces the sensations. Well, I like them exactly for that reason. Using a condom has kept me from feeling certain sensations such as feeling what it was like to have to be enslaved to a puking, shiting, completely helpless dependent being that I am responsible for. That's 18 years of punishment for 35 minutes of pleasure. Now it doesn't take a business major (or a Yid like myself) to see the lack of reason that exchange contains. That business proposition is worse than paying retail (Yiddish accent). Or how about the sensation of having my wages garnished to pay for the kid (or more likely to pay for the kid's mother's shoes, nails, liquor, or new boyfriends' (yes, that's plural) birthday presents. #3-(The Gullet): A girl's throat is a perfect safety zone for letting the boys walk the plank to Tonsilvania. As far as I know, no chick has ever gotten pregnant from a throat mocha. I don't think anyone in the world has sperm strong enough to impregnate a woman via the vocal complaint factory. I'm thankful for that fact too, because the guys who are that potent would probably put a jackoff like myself into a free flower with every gas shower program (as they would be "members"(as in dicks) of the "master"(as in bation) race). 'Nuff said about that one. #4-(The Mullet): Women are always concerned with their hair, so I say give 'em the high pro glow. There's no chance of pregnancy with this method, so lather, rinse, and repeat. #5 The place girls dread (no, not the back of a Volkswagen Bug) the crusty dung bunker, the Hershey Highway, you know that virginity saving device every girl has... the butt. Ah yes... the ass... the Black man's Tahiti. The butt provides all the sensation with half of the safety issues. Of course you could get a nasty s.t.d. from spelunking a girl's ass, but at least you'll die from it, and at least you'll never have to pay to send it to college. I could just imagine a girl calling me whilst cradling a piece of shit in her arms proclaiming, "It's yours and you don't want to see it. You're a heartless bastard! He's your little turd too, and he's just lost his first baby corn." #6-(Anywhere else on the body) This, however, could cum back to bite you on the ass, as girls like to cuddle and lay on you and shit... So be careful, because all of us like the things our bodies make, but none of us want to wallow in them. After all, that's why most of the things we guys produce expel from our bodies at high velocity (sperm, shit, 1/2 a pizza and an Old English). All that being said, I can now make my argument clear. I don't see why semen is special just because people have decided to harvest it. I know that you are probably saying, "this guy is a child hating bastard." I have to tell you all that's completely untrue. There are children I adore. Three of my closest friends have kids I truly love (not in the literal papal sense), but why do we as adults treat children with more respect and privilege than adults? I mean they are people too... no better, no worse right? Wrong-follow

me. The "funny thing is once people decide to let their sperm harden they expect the exterior world to conform to their ideals with respect to their child's rearing (again not in the rectory sense). This is completely ridiculous. How egotistical can you be? Childproof the fuckin' world so that you're kid can live in denial of reality. Fuck your kid! Just because he's been labeled special doesn't make it so. I mean he looks special in his hockey gear riding the short bus, but in reality, he's only special to you. Why so bitter you ask? Well, I went to Dodger Stadium recently and got into my usual viva los Dodgers drunken fan attitude. You know the one. It's mainly talking a bunch of shit, drinking the \$7 stadium Budweisers, smoking cigars, farting, and all of the other typical ball scratching revelry associated with a sporting event. At least I thought so. When I was a wee lad, my dad took me to Dodger games and we sat in the West Side Pavilion bench seats. Back in the 70's they used to sell beer in that area of the stadium. I also remember seeing and smelling people smoking weed before I knew what it was. The foulest of insults were issued towards the opposing team, and a feeling of fan unity was felt. It was sort of a learning experience given to a son from his father. My sister wasn't there, my mom wasn't there, it was just me and dad and other boys with their dads. The dads were drunk and having a blast. No fights broke out. It was us against the enemies of the Dodgers. Well, my recent experience at Dodger Stadium was having a mother of three (why make one mistake when you can make it a trifecta?) complain to me and later to security about my language and behavior. What the fuck is that shit? We were at a ballpark. A place where they sell beer, tobacco, and liquor, and I got some White, heffer breeder assuming that the world will mold to her "Disney" perfect ideology of how everyone else in the world should conform to protect her children, Fuck that! I teach children, and I never swear at work-never, but I'm not at work. I'm at the ball game with the boys, and when that lady asked me if I could watch my language? I said, "No I can't. I'm too busy watching the game, and besides it isn't my fault you couldn't get a sitter. So, piss off!" Well that aggravated the shit out of her and she got security toots sweet. What could they do? They hovered around for about 3 innings, but we weren't breaking the law, and besides that, I was buying shit like crazy: \$7 beers, \$6 hotdogs, \$4 ice cream sandwiches, etc. Hey, I may only make 25,000 a year, but that's a lot of money when you're single and childless. Whereas this wife of a Lancaster speed dealer was breastfeeding one kid and letting the other 2 share an order of nachos. Needless to say, I won. O'Doyle rules! This experience galvanized my theory that we adults are considered to be 2nd class citizens when compared to kids. In closing, I think kids have it to good as it is. After all, the youngest one (in curls) from the aforementioned tale has a tit in his mouth all day long which is

more than I can say for most of us. The way I see it, the older you are, the more privilege you should have. You have struggled to get to the age you have attained. So, why should a diaper-shitting amoeba have more rights than you? I say, if you are not capable of feeding or cleaning yourself then you really are not an individual. Kids are things. They are undeveloped carbon copies of the people who made them. They cannot labor in order to support themselves, vote, or be drafted, so as far as I'm concerned, until they are able to self suffice and meet those criteria, they don't count. You parents of these children have no right to try to force people to conform to your ideologies concerning the upbringing of your children. We don't tell you how to raise your future convicts of the month of Soledad Prison, so don't bring your burdens into adult situations and expect the rest of us to stifle (thanks Pete) our behavior. Your choice to limit your personal freedom doesn't give you the right to impede anyone else's freedoms. So get over it, don't go out to sporting events with your children, or move to Utah, but whatever you do get over your belief that your offspring deserve special treatment. I fought long and hard to wear my helmet and sit at the front of the short bus. Specially yours-The B



Welcome to "T.H.e Chronicles of DUB". These are true to life situations that have happened to yours truly, The Dub. One may think, no way, that much dumb shit can't happen to one person, but it did. Some were good times, sometimes, down right bullshit occurred. It was all depending on where I was, who I was with, and what I was doing. Hmm, what do I wanna talk about, well lately I've had bad luck with the job front, so this will be a big FUCK YOU to those lovely last employers and a repercussion to those that crossed The Dub. Getting interviews never seems to be a problem; it's staying hired that I can't seem to master. I've worked everywhere a movie theatre, a newsstand, a flower shop, a toy store, a record shop and even a go-kart racing track. I even tried doing the head shop thing. What better a place for C-dub to work than a place that is 100% drug related, but something that is too good to be true usually is. The rest is history. My two most recent jobs were by far my most favored. Art has been a major part of my life over the last 23 years. Painting, drawing, smoking, building, creating, destroying...all in the name of self-expression. Early in the year of 2000 (fast4ward), I began working at an art supply store in the heart of my current place of residence, Reseda. Perfect! A job that is not even a ½ mile away. I went in for two interviews, management seemed very down to

earth and liberal, very open minded about everyone having their own styles and lives. Work started, and it was great, but only for a time. Like I said, "too good to be true." One morning, I decided to ride my bike to work, not a bad idea one may think, maybe thinking is a bad thing. I had just built my bike, The Sleeper Special. Riding in Reseda is not the best of ideas; crazy people everywhere. No one cares nor cares to care. I decided to ride my bike nonetheless. Thinking about my safety and not the law; I rode on the sidewalk, another mistake. The lovely West Valley Division of the L.A.P.D. (Los Angeles Pig Department) decided to stop and pull me over, on a bike remind you. Apparently it is against the law to ride a bike on the sidewalk, so all you remember that. Don't be dumb, or is it ignorant? It truly aint bliss. I expected nothing more than a warning, but this cop was defining the word PIG. He took it upon himself to search me, no reason, just the fact that I'm pierced, or because I sag my pants and cock my hat to the side. I have a peace sign tattooed on my leg. I'm a modern hippie: against war, violence, and animal slaughter. I can say that there is a very low chance I would have a weapon. Even my anti-bodies are too high to fight. I did, on the other hand, have a ½ ounce of herb (Goddamn hippie!). I'm busted-possession of marijuana fuck! But it wasn't the first time, probably not the last time either. No worries, sign the ticket, pay the fine, and let me be on my way. But no, the pig had to stand on the corner with the fat sack in the air and proceed to ask every possible question about weed. As if the bastard had never seen the stuff before. Is this good quality? How much was it? Do you make better art when you're stoned? Fuck you piggy! Who the fuck are you? Right then at the worst possible moment, my boss drives by. "Great," how could this get any worse? I'm fucked!!! Low and behold I get to work on time. I have never pedaled so fast in my life, but when I got there, I was already fired. How can you fire me for something that happened outside of work? Not cool, you crossed me so here's my retaliation. Fuck you, you asshole mother fucking dipshit! Fuck you and your art store! I hope it burns to the ground, that way I can smoke its ashes and blow your life into smoke rings. Remember me walking across the street that night not too long ago? I looked straight into your eyes and not a word was said. That's pure hatred. Hatred for someone that I thought was a very cool person. I know now that you've turned into a little bitch. If you know the store I'm talking about, then I suggest this, stop shopping there. Fuck them, put them out of business! Better yet, go all you want. Go as much as possible. Just don't buy anything, steal it! Steal, steal, steal...oh, did I mention you should steal? Whatever you want, you can have. Clay, pastels, brushes, paints, canvass, anything you can imagine that is art related. Did I mention not to pay for it? Be careful though, there are a few

cameras and a mirror, but no one ever pays attention. So please try your best, do your damndest to show them they should have never crossed The Dub! Let them know that I have no hard feelings. If you don't fulfill your kleptomania needs at the art store, then I'll give you another place to shop. Let us take a trip to a main vein of the San Fernando Valley, the famous Ventura Blvd. There is a cool art gallery/ retail store there that I went through three interviews before finally being hired. After all that, you would think that they would know whom they were hiring, what they were like, and what their work experiences were like. Apparently after just 7 1/2 hours of training, I was let go. Fuck, not again! This was a new personal record. Unknown to myself, I wasn't the strong sales man they needed/ wanted. During two 3-hour shifts and one hour and a half long shift they trained me. Learning how things worked, and what goes where doesn't give me much of a chance to prove my abilities. Judge me without giving a chance, Fuck You! Once again, I want you to steal. The major cross streets are Ventura and Van Nuys. The cool thing about this place is that there are no cameras and loads of cool shit. Position yourself away from the mirrors and use slight of hand. Have a field day. Call me "unmanageable" or whatever you wish, just never cross me. Give me a job and I do it. I'm just here for your dollars, so don't drag me into your soap opera of a life. That's where I have a problem. Unless someone is going to fuck me, or give me some weed, I don't care. You're done, put it down, pipe it, or go to bed! - C Dub



Weld- Building things is cool. Chicks dig a guy that is good with his handz. But what pleasurable usage will you get with them hands if you fuck them up? Don't get faded and weld. You might forget to wear gloves and grab the hot fuckin' piece of metal that you just welded on, thus burning the living shit out of your hands. Not fun! Try masturbating now genius. Two weeks healing should do it.

Don't get on the wrong bus- The transit system has numbers for a reason: so you know where to go. Just because the bus is red doesn't mean it's

the red bus you need. Don't get faded and not pay attention. Otherwise, you might end up in the 310 when you represent the 818.

Lift weights- Gravity is a beautiful thing, remember that. Everyone wants to be buff for the ladies, so you hit some pounds. Don't get faded and lift weights. When you take weight off of one side, obviously physics takes place. The heavier side goes down as the lighter side goes up. Be careful! Very sensitive piercings may get snagged.

Pick up random lighters- If you get faded then I'm sure you lose your lighters. It's very easy to forget things when you're getting high. Don't get faded and pick up random lighters, otherwise you just might be picking up a trick lighter that will shock your ass. Funny, true, but that shit hurts! Got to love your roommates.

Try to remember movie titles- Like I said, short-term memory loss is common among stoners. So, when you say, "I forgot" it's not a lie. Don't get faded and try to remember movie titles, ironically you might just forget "the forgotten."

It's 4:20 go to bed!



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AT

1:00 PM

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The Suburban Terrorist

This issue of the Suburban Terrorist we go out into the field with our intrepid agents: The B, Hef, Paul "the Carcass," and the indelible Bruce Cheng. Hef had obtained some free coupons at Fresh choice from a former field agent. We decided to get our money's worth by setting up a bag to take home as much food as we could. Now keep in mind that this stunt was pioneered by the Wizard at

a Shakey's many years ago, so we're paying homage to the great



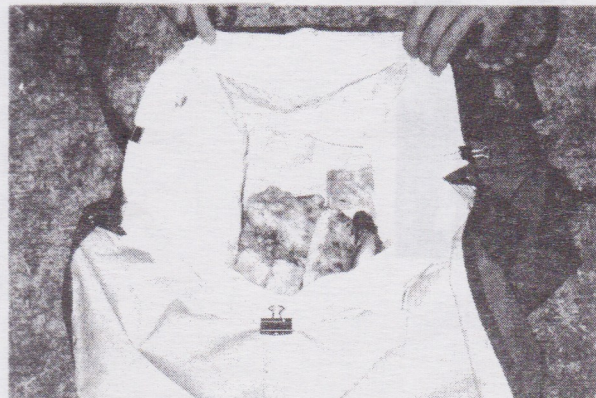
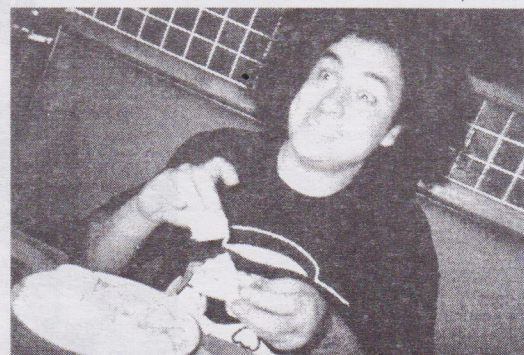
master of cheese by pulling off this stunt. Taking Paul's messenger bag, we lined it with a new, clean trash bag using heavy-duty paper clips and safety pins. From this point we traveled to the local Fresh Choice, a "health" food type salad bar. In preparation for this event we chose to go without any sustenance for the entire day so by the time we rolled into the place (around 7:00 PM) we were ready to do some damage. We proceeded to pile on the plates of food, one after another, covering pizza slices with blue cheese and then dipping them in blue cheese dressing. We were truly eating in a decadent fashion even over the ubiquitous complaints of The B for their being a lack of meaty things. As the plates began to pile on, the bus boy (bus man actually) tried to take our plates away. We told him that we were having an eating competition and that we need all the plates for a photo for our Zine, so

please don't take them away. We could see that this meat bot could not resist his programming so we had to have one of us at the table at all times

to keep him from taking away our plates. We had him take our

picture, but he was still nervous, fearful of being yelled at by his boss for not doing his job, so we stayed vigilant. After we were successfully

gorged ourselves on food stuffs to the point of being bloated, we decided to enact our plan. With the bag under the table, we all went for one last run where we piled the pizza high on our plates. After we had accumulated a large mound of pizza, we then passed it under the table to the gaping maw of Paul's messenger bag. Before we knew it, the bag was filled up quite nicely with pizza cubes. We managed to smuggle out 20-30 pieces of pizza in addition to having 5+ plates of food each before we left. I must say, we got our money's worth.



Greetings From



(Scenes from last year's pirate bike ride)

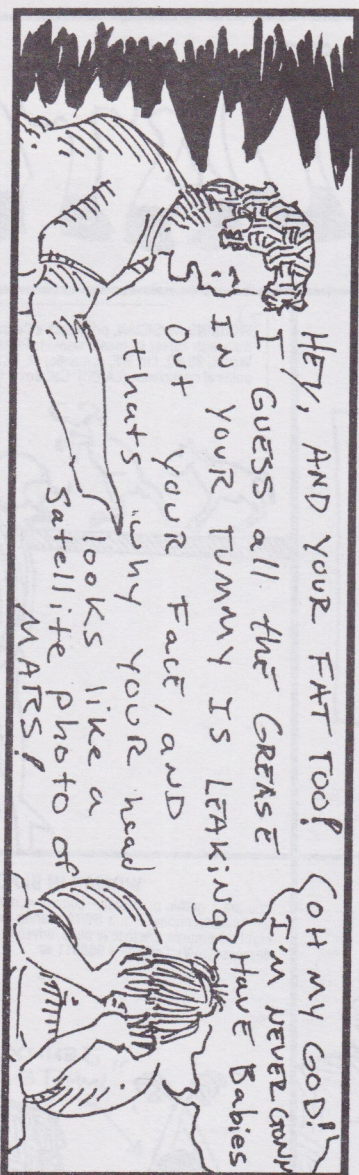
Das Bauhaus



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c/o Don Larson



AFTER TALKING TO SOMEONE FOR ABOUT TWO SECONDS I HAVE AN INSULT PREPARED THAT COULD TEAR THEIR ASS WIDE OPEN.



OH, YOU THINK I WAS TOO HARSH WITH HER? I'VE ADOPTED THE BUSH WHITE HOUSE POLICY WHEN IN SOCIAL SITUATIONS PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKES...

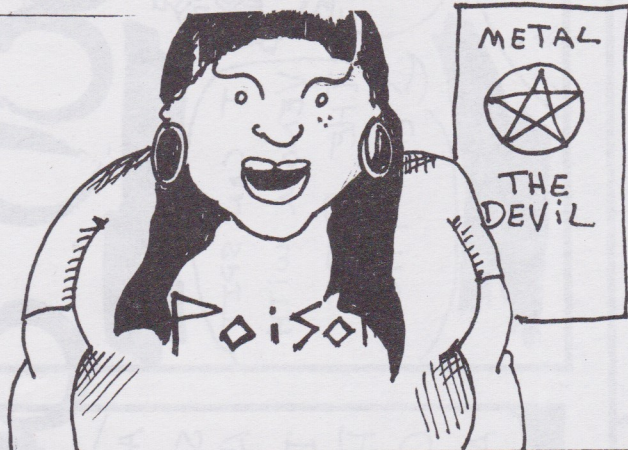


MISERY DATE!

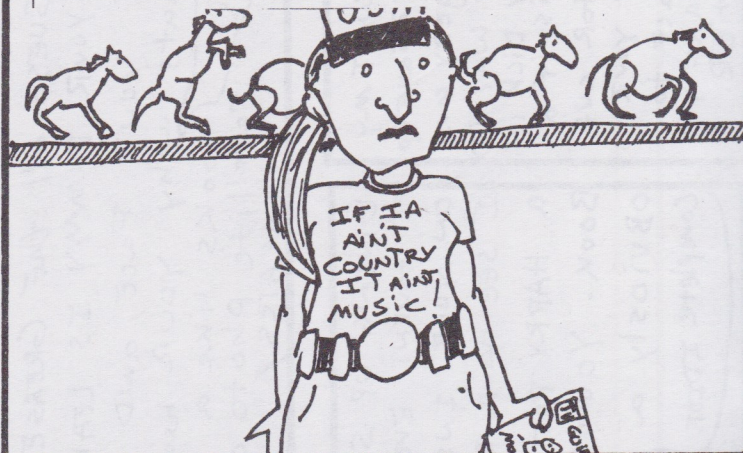
ACTUAL ADS
TAKEN FROM
A LA WEEKLY

P. deVALERA '04

IMPOSSIBLY SINGLE LATINA, 41, very pretty, slightly full figured, hourglass curves, healthy, not obese, 5'3", longish hair, smart, independent, no kids seeking SW/HM, 34-43, handsome, funny, romantic, confident yet goofy. Blue collar, creative and rocker types are my faves. (LA) Call Box # 969301 ☎

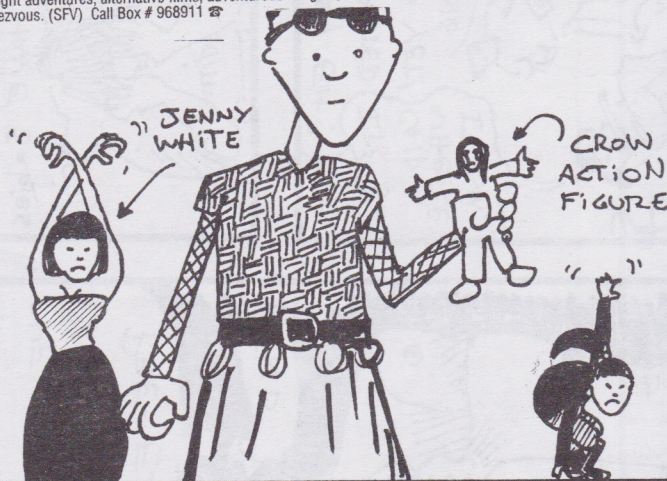


WORKING MUSICIAN, progressive County or Americana styles only or man with career in music wanted. Please, no wannabes or amateurs. W/HM, 28-60. I'm WF, romantic, fit, KCSN, KKJZ, 103.0 FM, w/ social/political conscience (LA/OC) Call Box # 969365 ☎

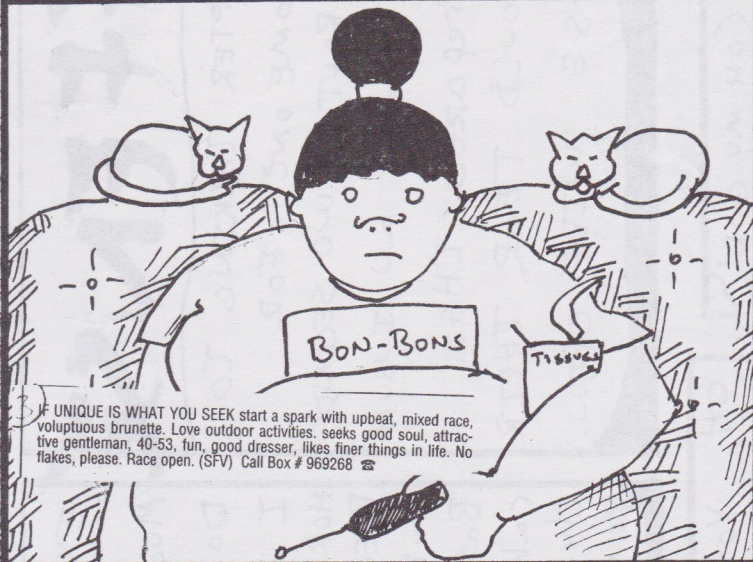


WOMAN IN BLACK?

You are a gothic or counter- culture woman: imaginative, feisty, stylish, unconventional. I'm a SWM sharing underground dance clubs, all night adventures, alternative films, adventurous insights, romantic rendezvous. (SFV) Call Box # 968911 ☎



IF UNIQUE IS WHAT YOU SEEK start a spark with upbeat, mixed race, voluptuous brunette. Love outdoor activities. seeks good soul, attractive gentleman, 40-53, fun, good dresser, likes finer things in life. No flakes, please. Race open. (SFV) Call Box # 969268 ☎

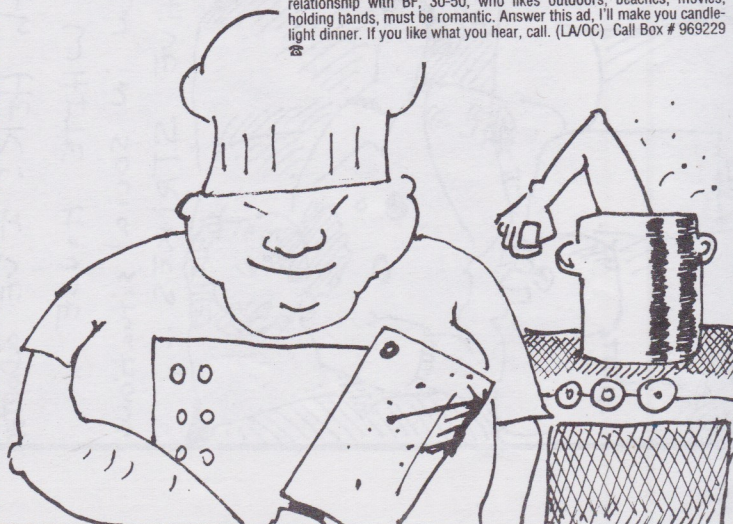


FANTASY GET AWAY

Need to get away? How about sailing to Catalina for an intimate weekend. Maybe a passion filled afternoon out on the water? Perhaps a quiet evening of BBQ followed by wine and snuggling. Ship's ready to sail. (OC) Call Box # 6774 ☎

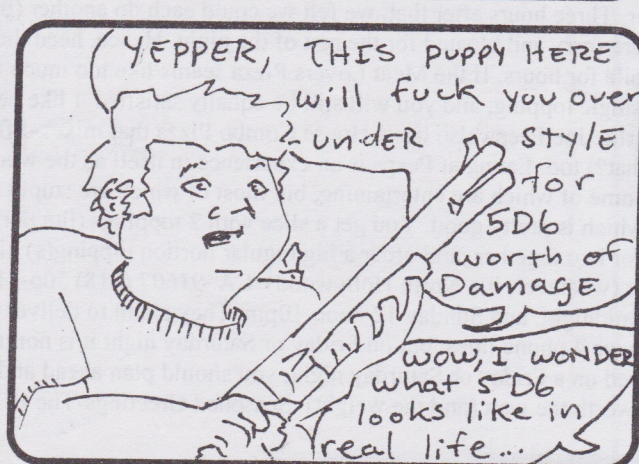


IT'S DINNER TIME. This WM, 6'4", Chef Boy R-D, seeking one on one relationship with BF, 30-50, who likes outdoors, beaches, movies, holding hands, must be romantic. Answer this ad, I'll make you candle-light dinner. If you like what you hear, call. (LA/OC) Call Box # 969229 ☎



How Gamers Communicate

By: Grant



Disclaimer: This is a
work of fiction. A
real gamer would
never be able to
date a girl with a
charisma of 15. As
far as modern science
can tell, no gamer has
ever even touched
someone with a cha-
risma exceeding 10.
The end.



Greetings fellow fatlings, 'tis I The B, Master of those who have been seen around Burger World lately (thanks Weird Al). This issue, I'm going to talk about one of my favorite things in the world. What can that be you ask? Could it be money, women, beer, The Simpsons? No it isn't any of those things, but all of those things are in the top 10. The thing I'm talking about that brings me joy equal to any of those things I've listed is that wonderful cheesy, saucy, topping laden, baked American masterpiece-pizza! (That's right it's an Italian-American creation. That shit they eat in Italy isn't pizza. It's focachia bread with sardines on it). Pizza is definitely one of the most magnificent foods ever created. Whether it is New York Thin and crispy crust, or Chicago thick using sourdough or cornbread flour for the crust, pizza is the bomb. I have eaten pizza from both New York and Chicago, and I have to say, they were some of the best pizzas I have ever eaten. Here's the part where you will think I have lost my mind: out of all the places in the U.S. I have eaten pizza, I definitely believe that the best pizza I have ever eaten comes hot and fresh from that "world famous" pizza location North Hollywood. I know it sounds funny, but ever since my friend Tim's dad introduced me to it via a large pepperoni pizza from Joe Peeps Pizza in North

Hollywood, I have been hooked. Joe Peeps pizza is like no other pizza I have ever eaten. They have a thin crust pizza as well as their original pizza they call the 5,969-calorie pizza. I have tried the thin crust pizza once or twice and it is O.K., but the 5,969 calorie pizza is the one that made Joe Peeps famous or at least semi-famous, and it is the one I will comment on here in this issue. The 5,969 calorie pizza is a killer! It is baked fresh to order and packed with more toppings than any other pizza in the history of pizza. In fact you can order the pie 2 different ways: with regular toppings (I prefer it this way), or with lite toppings (1/2 the normal amount of toppings). Even if you ordered the lite topping pizza, you will still receive much more toppings than you would ever get on any other pizza, but the regular topping pizza is where it is truly at. I counted 13 full slices of pepperoni in a slice of regular topping pepperoni pizza I had recently. I'm telling you this pizza is immense. After 2 slices, I felt like I swallowed the equivalent of a large pizza from Dominoes, and taste wise, there was no comparison. The toppings are premium and in some cases strange. They have all the normal toppings you would associate with pizza, and then they have crazy ones like artichoke hearts and sauerkraut. I prefer the Meat Lovers Pizza. It has pepperoni, meatballs, Canadian bacon, bacon (both thick cut carnita style and breakfast strip style), sausage, and chicken. I recently ordered this pizza with my friend Joel, and both he and I were impressed with it. It had so many meat toppings on it; it was like a taco on top of a slice of pizza. We each ate a slice, and then 2 hours later, we went back for another. Three hours after that, we felt we could each do another (the vaporizer does wonders for your appetite, or at least you think it does). We were sorry and bloated for the rest of the night. Hence, heed these words of wisdom: use Joe Peeps wisely or else you will be bloated and immobile for hours. If the Meat Lovers Pizza seems like too much for you to handle, you can order any other combination of toppings or even just a single topping, and you will still be equally satisfied. I like pepperoni, bacon, extra cheese (this is not necessary, but it is sinfully good), and garlic. Joe Peeps also has a House Combo Pizza that mixes different meats with vegetables and a Vegi House Combo (why would anyone want that?) too. Eating at Peeps is an experience in itself as the whole place is covered in graffiti tagging (scrawls not the artistic murals and shit), some of which are entertaining, but most of which are stupid (kinda' like taggers themselves). They have a special on pizza by the slice as well, which is pretty good. You get a slice with 2 toppings (lite portions) for \$1.95. It's a good deal, but for the real Peeps experience, get a friend or two together, and order a big regular portion topping(s) pizza. You just can't beat it. Joe Peeps 12460 Magnolia Boulevard, Valley Village (whatever, it's North Hollywood), CA. 91607 (818) 506-4133. Their hours are Monday- Thursday 11am-10 pm, Friday & Saturday 11am-midnight, and Sunday 12 noon-10pm. They claim to deliver anywhere but Iraq, and they do charge based on mileage for this service. They have 4 phone lines, but on Friday or Saturday night it is not uncommon to get a busy signal when you call. If you want your pizza delivered on a Friday or Saturday night, you should plan ahead and allow up to an hour and a half. They get that busy, and yes, the pizza is really worth the wait (and the weight). Seasoned Greetings-The B



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twice as ugly. Please,

Hate Him.

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RERUN
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I CAN'T COME IN
TO WORK TODAY...
I HAVE MIDGETS!

MY PRIEST
FUCKED YOUR
HONOR STUDENT

PUNK ROCK. IT'S
NOT JUST FOR RICH
KIDS ANYMORE!

PRAYING IS
BEGGING

BIG EXHAUST,
LITTLE PRICK

JESUS ONCE SAID,
"OW MY HANDS!"

CANADA...
WHY?

OF COURSE
JESUS SAVES...
HE'S JEWISH!

YOU DRIVE LIKE
AN ASSHOLE
AND SO DO I

REVENGE

JESUS
HATES
YOU

New
American
Terrorist
Organization

MIDGETS...
NOW MORE
THAN EVER

DOES THE CONSTITUTION
REALLY PROTECT OUR
RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH?

STOP HONKING
YOU'LL WAKE THE
GUY IN MY TRUNK

GERBILITE
ASK RICHARD
GERE HOW!

GET OFF THE PHONE
AND CRASH ALREADY

IF YOU'RE GONNA
RIDE MY ASS AT LEAST
BUY ME DINNER FIRST

SHAVED VAGINA
FOR A BETTER
TOMORROW!

SAVE THE VEGETABLES
EAT THE RETARDS

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Egg Milk Wafer
蛋奶威化
Sesame butter filling
芝麻酱夹心

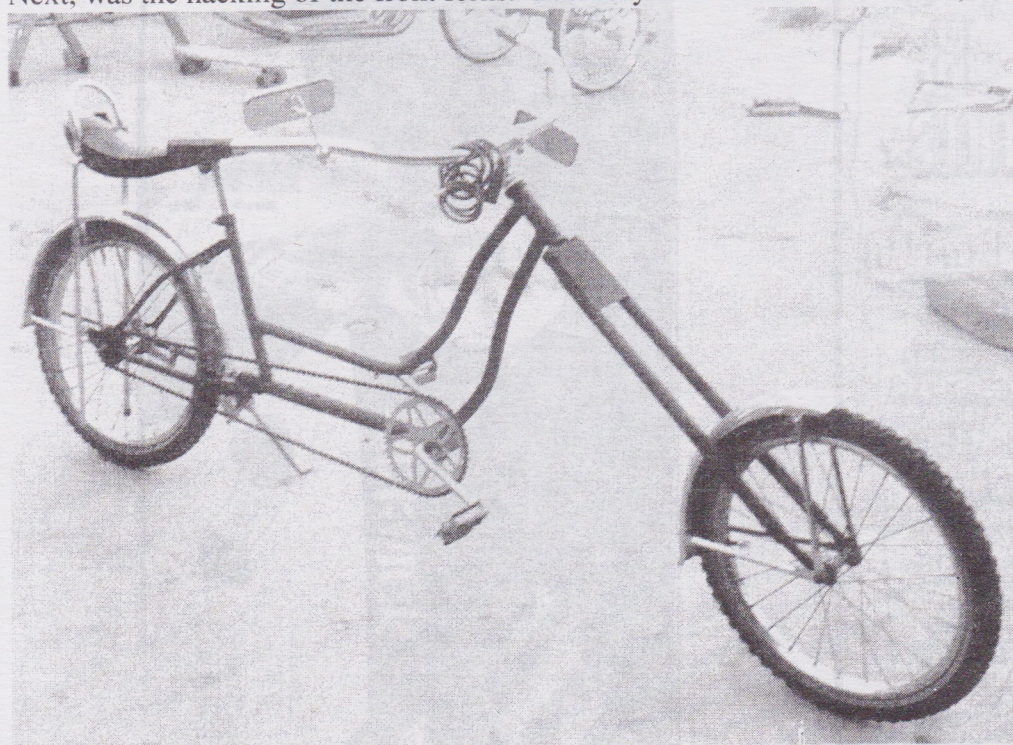
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The Sleeper Special-

Bad Ass Mudda Fukkin Bike...I guess you can say this was my initiation into the Choppercabras (Horrorcycle Psychos) a local bike club run out of the house I'm living at. So many options to go about building a bike, did I want a chopper, a kruzer, maybe a muscle bike. Nah, I'm c-dub, I needed a bike that reps me in every way, shape and form. I needed a bike that was as faded as me. I call myself a decent artist, shit I went to school for it, so I hit the sketchbook. I came up with a simple yet crude drawing, very stick figure-ish. With the purveyor of fine bicycle carcasses at my side, I knew anything was possible, well not anything. I was stoned and came up with some off the wall ideas, but anyways, we got to it. Digging through the bike cemetery we call a backyard was like being a kid in a candy store: parts and pieces to mix and match

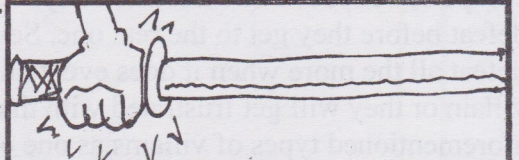
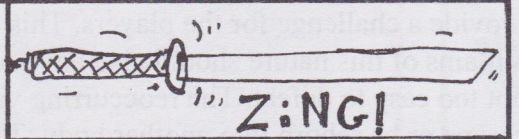
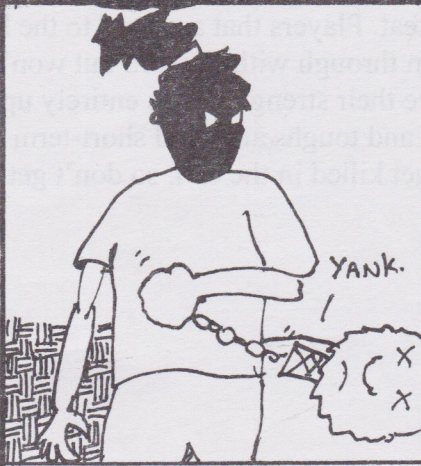
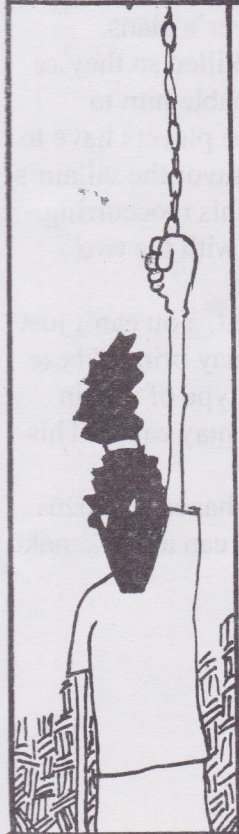
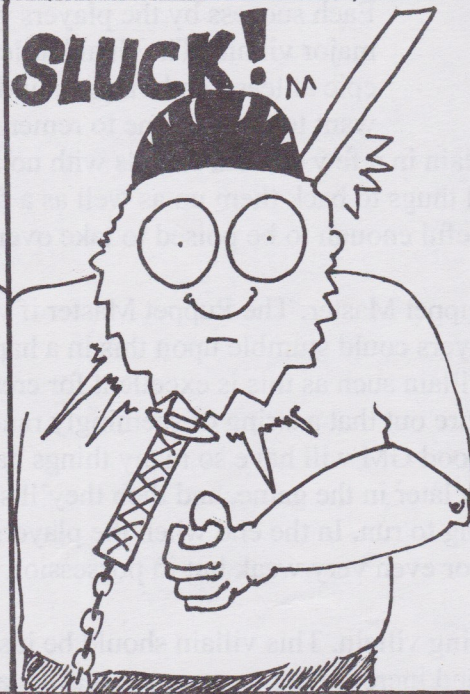
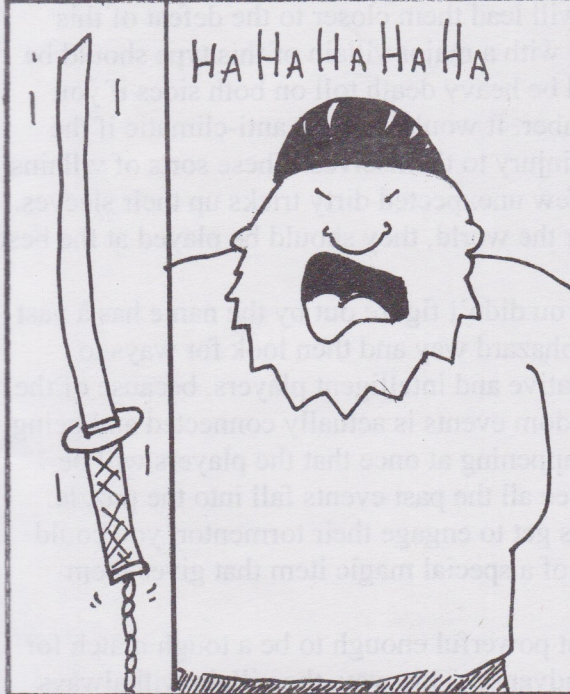
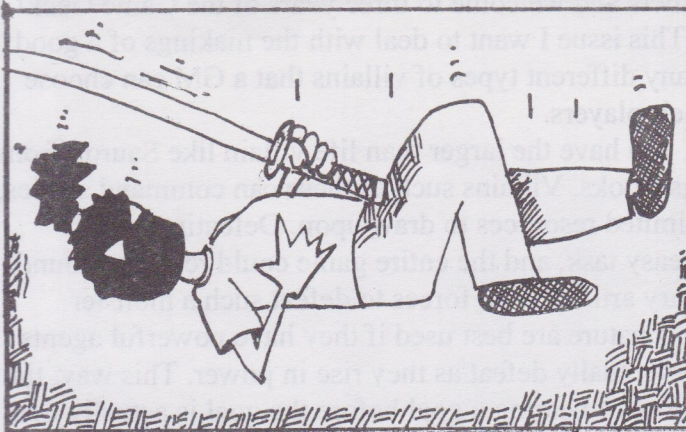
everywhere. I came up on this old ass pink chick's bike, sat and stared at it. One thing about guys bikes is that there is that high ass cross bar. Fool, I've hit my balls countless amounts of times on that shit, I didn't want to hit my balls anymore. Girls bikes don't have that cross bar, they have two low swooping cross bars, not only making it nearly impossible to snag the nuts, but it's also quite simple to get on. No effort really, and who wants to put effort into something when your faded? This was my corpse. I slaughtered the shit outta' it. We cut the frame basically in half, adding extensions for both supporting cross bars, and welded it back together. What we had was basically a stretched chick bike, but you would have to be at least a 6 foot 1" chick 'cause I customized that shit to my height, perfection! Next, was the hacking of the front forks. Basically I cut that shit in half too, but added like two feet (give or take) of



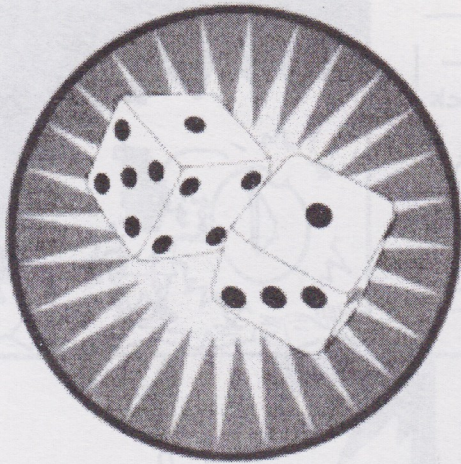
extension to it, and a steel plate for extra support or a possible hood ornament base. Now it was looking like a chopper, but a unique one, not your everyday raked front end with ape hangers. Stripping and grinding was the hardest part, just time consuming. I listened to some grind while I grinded, I don't remember which band, but I'm sure they grinded. Anyways...the body was in one piece now, looking BAD ASS! This is Los Angeles; you aren't cool unless you match your ride. Since I don't drive, I wanted to be cool. Ha. Color was easy, I wear black, so I went with the traditional black primer look. Is it finished, it's just primered? Fool, yea it's done. Crome! What can I say about crome besides that it always looks cool, and

it would match the 13 holes in my body. Time to shop; bike shop of choice of coarse is Atomic Cycles in my lovely hometown of Van Nuys. Bro, I give you price, this guy. What else could I do but spend some dollas. I threw some 20-inch bmx wheels and tires on it, getting closer. My choice of handlebars were half-moons. They swoop way back so you don't have to lean all forward and shit to ride, thus making for a relaxing kruz. The seat was staring at me in the face, hanging on the wall was a black sparkling banana seat, and to top that off a set of matching black sparkling handle grips. Hmm, what else did I need? Some fenders were a must, cromed out of coarse. What is a bad-ass bike without rear-view mirrors, shit what if I was out on a bike ride and wanted to lay out a couple piles of coke, you definitely need a mirror, haha. But the kush bowl in the binger or cherry on the sundae if you will was the valve caps. Crome crowns! Why crowns you may ask? Because I'm down with my crown, a cottonmouth king for life (or until I die of lung cancer), always living spaded, jaded, and faded.

Lataz, C-Dub.



The Game Geek



Greetings fellow gamers and welcome to three years of the Game Geek! Can you believe it? This issue I want to deal with the makings of a good villain. There are many different types of villains that a GM can choose from to challenge their players.

Firstly, you have the larger than life villain like Sauron from the Lord of the Rings Books. Villains such as these can command armies, and have almost unlimited resources to draw upon. Defeating such a villain should be no easy task, and the entire game could revolve around gathering the necessary artifacts and forces to defeat such a monster villain. Villains of this nature are best used if they have powerful agents that the players can eventually defeat as they rise in power. This way, the players can have a sense of nearing a goal before the goal is actually met. Each success by the players will lead them closer to the defeat of this major villain. The final battle with a major villain of this type should be epic at least, and there should be heavy death toll on both sides if you want to make it one to remember. It would be a bit anti-climatic if the

players trounced the ultra-bad ass villain in a few combat rounds with no injury to themselves. These sorts of villains will always have powerful magic and thugs to back them up as well as a few unexpected dirty tricks up their sleeves. If this villain is powerful and resourceful enough to be poised to take over the world, they should be played at the best of your ability.

Another kind of villain is the Puppet Master. The Puppet Master if you didn't figure out by the name has a vast control of things but no face. The players could stumble upon this in a haphazard way and then look for ways to defeat the puppet master's plans. A villain such as this is excellent for creative and intelligent players, because of the long time it should take to finally figure out that a string of seemingly random events is actually connected and being caused by one mysterious entity! A good GM will have so many things happening at once that the players will be unaware of the connection until much later in the game, and then they'll see all the past events fall into the puzzle. This kind of villain is very entertaining to run. In the end when the players get to engage their tormentor, you could make them the villain very powerful or even very weak but in possession of a special magic item that gives them control etc. It's up to you.

Another favorite is the reoccurring villain. This villain should be just powerful enough to be a tough match for the players at their beginning levels and increase in power as the players advance. This way, the villain will always provide a challenge for the players. This villain should appear a certain critical times to foil the player's plans. Villains of this nature should also have some way to mysteriously escape or come back after being killed so they're not too easy to defeat. The reoccurring villain should have some spell or magical device that will enable him to escape or be reborn into another body. The reoccurring villain can also have many imposters that the players have to defeat before they get to the real one. Several narrow escapes or near misses will make the players savor the villain's defeat all the more when it does eventually happen. At some point you must let the players kill off this reoccurring villain or they will get frustrated with the game. The reoccurring villain can be used in conjunction with the two aforementioned types of villains as one of their toadies.

Some low level villains that will require more than swords will be ones that have political clout. You can't just run up and kill some people because of their powerful friends or the repercussions that their death may bring. These types of villains require diplomacy to defeat. Players that are used to the hack n' slay may find this type of villain challenging, as they could easily run them through with a sword but won't because of the fall out it may cause. This sort of villain is the hardest to run because their strength relies entirely upon role-play and politics.

In addition to these, common thugs and toughs are good short-term villains; they come in all shapes and sizes. Remember that they are all supposed to get killed in the end, so don't get too attached to them. You can always make more.



Fucking computer! God damn fuckin' fuck cocksucker crashed three times! Fuck! OK, now the reviews:

The Instant Singles Collection Volume 2, Boss Tuneage P.O. Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, UK

Six bands on this compilation ranging from pop punk to melodic indi rock. I'd say Baby Little Tablets was my favorite of the bunch. If you're into indi rock circa 1992 and pop punk, I'd say it's time for a frontal lobotomy. No really folks, you may want to check this out. You may want to clip coupons too, or kick your neighbor's dog. I'd say do those things first then get this. P. de Valera

My New Life: A Sad State of Affairs, Tomato Head Records P.O. Box 61298 Sunnyvale, CA 94088-1298

I was in this band called Kung-Fu Chicken, and we played a show in a bakery in Sunnyvale (home of the label that put out this band). We got raw dough from the dumpster and pelted the crowd. The skinny emo kid that set up the show tried to take our ammo, so our guitarist

knocked him into some steps. I really hope that someone responsible for this was there so I could have some form of "pretrioactive" revenge for making me listen to this. All the hallmarks of pop punk that make you want to run around with scissors and stab old folks at the local convalescence home. My main complaint with pop punk is that there is seldom any angst that I would like to say makes a band have that angry, frantic "punk" sound that I love. I bet these guys are all good-looking dudes, with nice parents; they have cute girlfriends, are going to school etc. They've got nothing that they have to channel into their music, which is why it's pretty boring and lackluster much like their collective existence. Have I said too much? Really? Well, go eat shit and die. P. de Valera

The Mentally Ill: Gacy's Place: The Undiscovered Corpses, Alternative Tentacles Records P.O. Box 419092 San Francisco, CA 94141

As a side bar, I have been trying to get AT to send us stuff for three years now, and I'm glad to see that all that postage didn't go to waste! When I first put this on, I thought that this band has truly captured the very old school sound of punk, then I looked at the liner notes, and it said that AT unearthed this gem from 1978. This band is very raw, very early punk with all the hallmarks of a band of that era: bad recording and production, random angst ridden music, and juvenile sounding vocals. Thank you very much AT for bringing this oldie back from death's door (3rd level cleric spell from the Unearthed Arcana). If you like bands like The Crucifucks, The Germs, and other early punk bands, then The Mentally Ill would be a great addition to your record collection. P. de Valera

A Small Victory: El Camino, Lobster Records P.O. Box 1473 Santa Barbara, CA 93102

The guys in this band all have the Keith Richards circa 1969 look, and they have pictures in the liner notes of these tuff dudes holding knives and "keepin' it real" in the playground. The music: whiny Emo drivel. I can honestly say that I could destroy all these dudes by my self, as they'd be too worried about getting their ill-fitting t-shirts and hair messed up. This is such candy-ass girlie music. I'm not trying to be macho, but I am a dude, and I do do dude things, and if I saw these guys, I'd point them out to our columnist Justin Ross (he's Gay, happy and likes cock) and say "There you go Justin, a gaggle of fags." Bands like this exist to make us enjoy good music. P. de Valera

Losing Balance: Self Titled, blaine LB@yahoo.com

This duck walks into a bar and asks the bartender "Got any Grapes?" The bartender says "No, this is a bar, get lost duck. So the duck leaves. The next day the duck comes back and asks the bartender, "Got any grapes?" The bartender now very annoyed says, "No, we don't have any goddamn grapes! Ask me again and I'll nail your bill to the bar!" The duck leaves. The next day the duck comes back and asks the bartender, "Got any nails?" "No," the bartender replies. So the duck says, "Got any grapes?" I had to tell a joke so I could endure this album. "Great work guys." I want to live a very long time so I can piss on all of your graves. One Blink 182, Pennywise, Green Day is enough. Thank you very much. Goodbye and go to hell! P. de Valera

Vitamin X: Bad Trip L.P., Havoc Records P.O. Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408 USA www.havocrex.com

Fuckin' A! Badass horns to these Netherland rockers. I caught their show when they came through LA about six months or so back. They rocked then and continue to rock on this l.p. If you have never heard Vitamin X before, check them out. Fans of AC/DC and DS13 is the best way I can describe it. Heavy guitar riffs, horny breakdowns, and tons of time to get crazy in the pit. Songs like "Fuck Shit Up" and "Master/Monster," just keeping your ass rocking with tons of appreciation to reciprocate. Keep Jammin' guys. When's the next US tour? HandZ!

Exit Condition: 1988-1994 CD, Boss Tuneage www.bosstuneage.com

They lost me in the first second of the first song. I got bored so fast that I passed out then woke up a week later and wrote this review. Sorry guys, well actually I'm not. Perhaps in '88 this was real rockin', well no it wasn't. To emotional and generic pop/punky for my ballz! Yeah guys jam when you get the chance. I don't like to say poor things until I see something live, but until then, please give rocking a chance. HandZ!

Signal Lost: Children of the Wasteland CD, Prank Records P.O. Box 410892 San Francisco, CA 94141-0892 USA

In the art of reciprocating the appreciation, the Signal was defiantly Lost!!! You guys look like you rock and you're on Prank, which usually puts out some rockin' jamz, so what happened here? When I opened this CD up at first, I was stoked, the cover art was rad. There is a pic of this Antarctic looking band, and the thank list thanked all these bands that rock shit out chuure ass usually, but fuck this shit pissed me off so enormously, I pissed myself and rolled around in it for a few minutes. O.K., so I thought this is some pretty bad poppy shit but maybe they have something good to say, butt-fuck, I was thrown from the train again. The loop went way over me and horseshoe competition was won again by the away team. Generic non-jammular, non-pumular, and not at all reciprocated. HandZ!

Judo Rodriguez: C.D./L.P., Paranormal Records 4647 Kingswell Ave. Suite 143 LA, CA 90027

You know when someone says, "hey man that's what I'm talking about?" This is the shit I'm talking about!!! Rockin' fuckin', mathy, paranormal jamz that not to many times is done right. Whenever a band talks about fuckin' shit up, they get a plus in my book. So horns up guys. Fans of Drive Like Jehu, or Scratch Acid, you'll dig these cats. Defiantly on an original obscure tip. HandZ!

Words That Burn: Spawning Ground for Hatred L.P., Crimes Against Humanity Records www.cahrecords.com

"Dude Fuckin' Hell Yeah!!!" Ever hear of that band? Well they don't sound anything like Words That Burn, but you can defiantly use the phrase to describe both bands. W.T.B. kick out 14 hard hitting jamz. Good thrash/crustpunk. Vocals range from high shouts to low demonics. Drum heavy and guitars and bass as well. I never got the chance to see these guys, but I met them in a record store when they came through L.A. Cool cats, keep jamming and growing your locks!! Peace-HandZ!

The Milwaukeees: Angel With A Knife Boss Tuneage, P.O. box 215, New Jersey, NJ 07303-0215

www.milwaukeees.com / band@milwaukeees.com

Fool, what's up with dudes sounding like bitches? You guys have balls don't ya. Fuckin' cup that shit and release.

Better yet come over and hit the bong with me a few dozen times, maybe just maybe we can get that voice a little raspier. I see chicks going to a show with their best friends just to hear their favorite song, meanwhile I'm behind

the venue trying to sell the band a dub. Stay faded guys, cause it's the only way I was able to listen to the c.d. C-Dub

The Silent Surrender: Anger Is All I Have thesilentsurrender@yahoo.com

I'm choking, coughing, eyes blood shot red, watering, smoke spewing out my nose. You ASSHOLES! Made the dubber choke, and for one song. What the fuck is this shit? Scream-o whine whine. The music is most definitely good, but the singer needs to die. I will kill you! If it was all screaming, it would be less bitchy, but grade school kids who comb their hair in front of their eyes need someone to look up to. The Dubber

The Restarts: System Error Havoc Records, P.O. Box 8585- Minneapolis, MN 55408. www.havocrex.com

www.restarts.co.uk / email@restarts.co.uk

British Punk that I'm going to compare to the stress plant. See, I'd rather smoke a big fatty bowl of the chronic any day over what we refer to as the stress. Stems, seeds, sticks, and taste like dirt. When I need to get faded and there is absolutely nothing else around, it does the job. As for this record, I can't say it sucks, because it does the job. But it's definitely not the best. If I were stuck on a desert island with only this record and a pound of stress, the Dub would do what he does best...blaze. C to the mutha fuckin Dub

Blight: Self-Titled 7" Aborted Society, PMB 1377-1122E. Pike St. Seattle, WA 98122-3934 www.abortedsociety.com

bightcore@yahoo.com

Fuckin' Hippies! Brutal Grindcore/hardcore/metal mix from the great northwest. These are cool guys, good drugs, even better music. They played a coupled shows here in the city of angels. I think I went to them. Yeah, I'm pretty sure I did. How else would I have met them? If I ever get out of this cum stain they call the valley and make my way up north, we should hit up Van Amsterdam together. Smoke till you can't see. Sea dash dee you bee

Halfway Home: A Brand New Subdivision The Death Scene, 8642 Bay Parkway. Brooklyn, NY 11214 www.thedeathscene.com

www.halfwayhomerock.com

Weezer meets Newfound Glory then fucks Hoobastank and has a bastard child called Halfway Home. Such a nasal voice, snort some coke or something. Damn it hurts my ears and not even in the way it should. You guys tried, but I'm sorry, you failed. Bitching, moaning and whining. I think I know how you got your name: you needed a ride home one day and gave whoever was giving you the ride a c.d. 'cause you a too poor to give up gas money. They put the c.d. in the stereo to check you out. Hell Nah! Get the fuck out of the car right now. Walk the rest of the way. You are about "Halfway Home." Peace out, C-dub

Ben Yomen: The Circles In Which We Walk E.P. www.lftb.net www.ophotn.com

My passion for music goes far beyond grindcore. I also dwell in record bins at a local hip hop show. Watching battles can be quite the amusement, and turntablism is probably one of the most talented ways to make music. Skratchtastic, Ben Yomen is a valley local, and being a valley rat myself, I support anyone from the 818. Faded beats and rhymes kept me in a clouded state until I realized I had just smoked an eight to the dome....C double

Bad Reaction: Six Songs Demo, 1317 Waterloo St. Apt. 4, Los Angeles, CA 90026, theband@badreaction.com

Here you have six songs that are pretty basic up-tempo, medio-core punk rock. This is nothing new, but I do give them props for not sounding like the next Blink 182 or Offspring and for having original sounding vocals. With that being said, this still is not something I would never throw in my CD player and listen to voluntarily... Foghorn

Erased by the Sun, A Femme Sole, www.erasedbythesun.com

When listening to the first track, it sounded just like Filter or the newer Tool crap. I almost had to pull the CD out and check it to make sure I was listening to the correct band. I am not a Filter fan so I thought I was in for a nightmarish 40 minutes. Then the second track came on and my interest was peaked. Being a fan of tribal drumming and bands like Grip Inc. and Soulfly, this song caught my attention immediately. It totally rocked and the drumming kicked ass. But after that it went back to that Filter style shit again and never let up. If you are a fan of Filter or the newer Tool (Lateralus), this is for you. For me, Carcass, or anyone else I know, this CD would definitely end up in the "for sale" bin... Foghorn

I Walk the Line, Badlands, Boss Tuneage, P.O. Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, U.K., www.bosstuneage.com

Upon first look at the cover and back insert of this CD, I couldn't tell if the name of the band was I Walk the Line or Badlands. I thought there was a band already named Badlands (didn't that band have Jake E. Lee on guitar), so I figured it was the former. I must say this is a dumb fucking band name! I mean, did they keep getting pulled over for drunk driving or something and that is how they came up with their name? And after hearing this, I figured maybe if they were drunk (or perhaps I was drunk), this would sound better. But now after 6 beers, I conclude. this fucking sucks... Foghorn

Social Thrash Demolition, Barbaric Thrash #5 Compilation 7", 625, P.O. Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413,

www.625thrash.com

As with any compilation, you never really know what you are going to get. Usually you get a couple good tracks and then a bunch of crappy filler tracks. This is definitely not the case with this release. There are 8 bands on here and each and every one of them totally kicks ass. Being on 625, you figured it had to be pretty good, but I never expected to like every track. The standouts on here are the opening Side A track by Low Threat Profile and the closing Side B tracks by Apathetic Youth, who even get extra props for doing a Despise You cover (how many of you kiddies remember them, I ask?). I recommend this release to all fans of true hardcore, you won't be disappointed... Foghorn

Anal Beard, Din Noir, Boss Tuneage, P.O. Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, U.K., www.bosstuneage.com, www.analbeard.info
Here we go again with another Boss Tuneage release and another dumb fucking band name. I expected the worst. However, to my surprise, their music and lyrics had me dying laughing when I threw this into my player. This reminded me of some fantastic LSD trips back in my day. I can't even really describe what kind of music this is. The vocals are very reminiscent of Johnny Rotten with the music being different for every track. Some songs sound punk, some sound like a hardcore polka, and some even have an accordion. With song titles like "A Date with Vinylman" and "Black Metal Hospital," you can tell they are going for sheer comedy, and that's a good thing too, because if they weren't going for comedy, this would be garbage. This is for fans of mind-altering drugs. Oh, and don't forget to check out the Motorhead parody "Eight of Spades." Totally classic... Foghorn

Wasted, Here We Go Again-7" Collection 1998-2001, Boss Tuneage, P.O. Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, U.K., www.bosstuneage.com
Hard, Thrashy punk fuckin' rock. I've never heard of this band before, but after hearing this compilation, I now consider myself a fan. This band has a really old school sound: hard vocals, guitar, bass, and drums. I think this band is European, but I didn't hold that against them because I'm bigger than that. Well, at least I am in actual mass that is. This c.d. was good, so good in fact, I'm keeping it. When I keep something, it means that I actually like it enough to listen to it again and again, so check this one out because it kicks ass-B

Marcus Aurelius- Marcus Aurelius Demo, Contact (760) 887-0834, marcusoxenham@yahoo.com I am still trying to figure out exactly what the fuck kind of music this shit is. There are 3 songs on this e.p. and they all suck. The main thing I hear when I listen to this c.d. is a very heavy Soundgarden influence. Guys, Soundgarden sucked the first time around. Well, except for that guy in the band who looked liked he worked a 7-11. You know the guy. He looked like Haji from Johnny Quest. I think he was their guitarist. Anyway, Marcus Aurelius SVCKVS! (The V's are not a typo. That's how the Romans wrote their U's. Oh you didn't know that, well read something once in a while you stupid crusty posser-B Pluribus Unum

Lunasuit- Summer Season, Boss Tuneage, P.O. Box 74, Sandy, Beds, SG19 2WB, U.K., www.bosstuneage.com
Shaggyandthelma@hotmail.com This band has a female singer, and female singers (with the exception of Exene of X and Debbie Harry back in the Blondie days) are like female comedienues, terrible. The music on this sonic work of injustice is that typical shitty, uninspired, "harmonious" drivel that passes for "punk" these days. This band is bad, teen movie soundtrack bad, The O.C. bad. Everyone knows that if you're going to have a chick in your band she will be relegated to the position of bass player or community fuck sponge. -B R. A.

Johnny Skuzbucket- Self-Titled 4-Track Tape Recording, This poor quality recording was, nonetheless, sort of entertaining. I didn't like all the songs contained within, but I did respect the effort. I particularly liked the song about the zombie and how he played guitar better than the guitarist did. I wish they had included a song track listing so I could tell you what the name of that song and the few others I enjoyed were. So guys involved in this project keep playing and bettering your projects. Evaluate what you send out for review before you send it. Don't send in the first thing you record on your 4-track to be put up for scrutiny. Spend some more time and a little money and send in something you are really happy with because this review could've been a lot worse (especially if one of the other guys got to review it), but luckily for you, I am as of lately, getting laid in a semi-frequent manner. -B sometimes with the itch

RFD - Breaking In - Misanthrope Records PO Box 920202 Sylmar, CA 91392 misanthropemusic.com

Here's a dirty fuckin DIY snot nose punk rock band straight outta the dirty ass snot nose valley. Rapid Fire Distraction brings the music that makes your poorly egged up mowhawk lean to one side from knocking into floppy kids in the pit. If you like your music drunk and fast with some political lyrics buy this fucking album you stupid asshole. From Hef.

Heavy Artillery - Self-Titled - Illegally Funded Records 1331 Kelp St. Oxnard, Ca 93035 heavyartillery.cjb.net

Here's some good fuckin rockin fast hardcore thrash punk if I've ever heard any. This shit kicks a generous helping of ass. Plus they have a drummer named Boner. If you like old ass NOFX, Minor Threat or anywhere in between.. you already like this handy-dandy DIY release in the poorly-glued punk rock paper sleeve. Go get it now before they get played on KROQ and it's not cool anymore to listen to them you shallow piece of shit. -Hef-e Artillery

Marcus Aurelius - A Blatant Disarray of Melody - marcusoxenham@yahoo.com

For acoustic hippy college crap... I actually could tolerate it up until this dude opened his mouth. If anyone knows who Marcus Aurelius was you know that he was a great warrior in ancient Greece (That's Rome you ignoramus PFD). Not a very fitting name for a broken-hearted cock gobbler. And that electric guitar solo doesn't make it any better. Okay here's some honest criticism... shut your fucking mouth, join a band with a good singer and you might have a small chance for pop radio. -Heffus Gorrius

Benny - All Things Come to an End - Boss Tuneage PO Box 74 Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK bosstuneage.com

Ummmmm... I think the Descendants and the Dead Milkmen got together and said it's time to get all folky and country and get a sucky drummer. I guess the last track was ok... bleh. Puke. Glerf. -Hef. Bleh.

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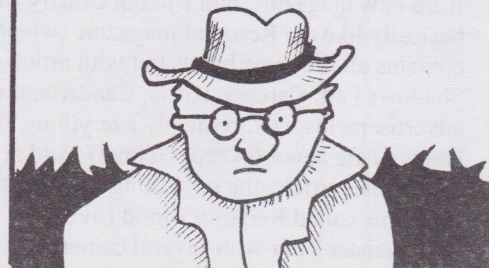
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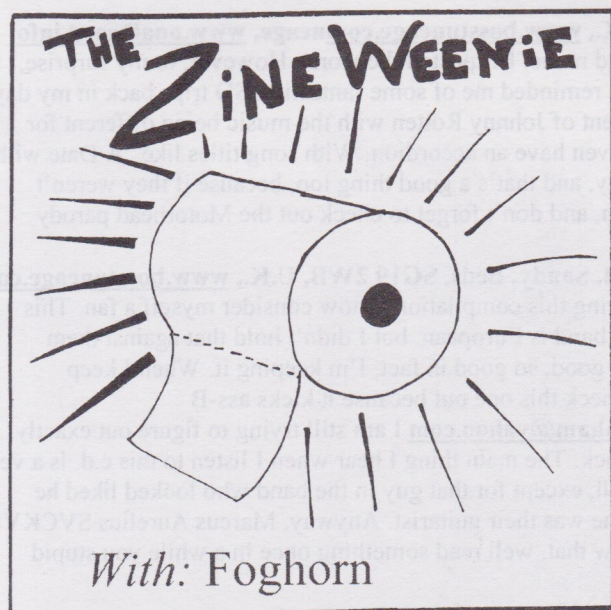


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Where have all the Zines gone? As the Internet becomes more and more prevalent, print Zines are becoming a thing of the past. But should they though? A print Zine is real; you can jam it in your pocket at a show, read it on the bus or the toilet. Web Zines lack the visceral sense that a paper Zine does, and there are so many "e-Zines" out there that you'd be hard pressed to find anything. Bring this shit back, get out there and start something. P. de Valera

Nothing Zine #3 8650 Vineyard Ave. #507 Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730

This little 1/2 size Zine is packed full of interviews with the Subhumans, Black Flag, Smut Peddlers, The Weirdos, & Die Huns which were reprinted from Skratz. Most of these interviews don't really seem to go anywhere, and in a few of them, the interviewers spend more time talking about themselves than they do asking questions. There are a few record reviews in the back. All in all, if you're into the aforementioned bands and just need to read another interview about them, then send away for this. Otherwise, I'd say if you saw it laying around, it's worth picking up but that's about as far as I'd go. P. de Valera

It's all Gravy! 312 w. 8th Los Angeles, CA 90014 \$1.00

This little DIY Zine deals mainly with the South LA punk and Ska scene. It's got show reviews, scene reports, and some band and record reviews. It looks like these guys have fun doing this Zine, and if you're into their scene you probably already know about this Zine, if not, I'd say it's worth a buck. P. de Valera

Youth Hostile Apparently free...? YouthHostile1@yahoo.com

There is stuff in this Zine...yep. A couple political rants on deodorant and Wal-Mart, some poetry (get this people: sending us poetry is like sending us an Emo record: not a good idea). These few things are inner dispersed with many pages of tagging photos. So I guess this Zine's focus is tagging with some other stuff thrown in the mix. Not really my bag; perhaps they will impress in the future.

Citizine #6 2513 West Fourth Street Los Angeles, CA 90057 \$3.25

Firstly, any "Zine" that has a price tag over 2 dollars is a magazine. When the price climbs above a couple of bucks, you have to ask yourself, "I could get a burrito with this money, or an inner tube for my bike, so is it worth it?" Personally, I won't let my self have enough disposable income to justify a purchase such as this. This Zine is very sharp looking and very well put together, oops, I mean Magazine. It's a nice looking Magazine, that's what it is...yeah. Inside we have interviews With John Doe and Brian Baker (Minor Threat, Dag Nasty, Bad Religion, & others) A few articles on the next presidential elections, and some record reviews of the new Vandals and Bad Religion albums among other things. I've picked up a few of these (well, they sent them to us that is..yeah). and they seem to deal only with bands that were formed no sooner than 1983. So if you're into old school punk and want to read more interviews about older, well-established bands in the punk scene, then you may want to skip a burrito today and pick this up. P. de Valera

Paradigm/ Kari Hamanaka PO Box 9541 Brea, CA 92822 Free!!

We share the PO box with One Word Solution. This girl sent them a stack of these Zines with a bunch of shortbread cookies. Hef, for a fat guy is a very picky eater; he did not like them, but I was very grateful. Those cookies rocked! Thanks! This is a first issue, so I could see that this Zine has some potential to become really good if she can keep it going. There are several pieces on politics & opinions and band interviews that aren't your standard question and answer sessions. There's a good amount of reading here. My main gripe was that most of the stuff was printed with a picture in the background so the dark parts of the picture obscured the print. Fix that and I'd say you've got a potentially good thing here. P. de Valera (send more cookies!)

Star Wars Insider, Exclusive Collector's Issue, www.starwars.com/fanclub

As you all know by now, the Star Wars Trilogy has finally been released on DVD. When I first got my DVD player about 2 years ago, these were the first movies I had planned to buy, but to my dismay, they weren't available then. Well, judging by the new digital transfer of video and audio, it was well worth the wait. This magazine is a companion guide to the films. It has what is called a Cultural Icon section, which explains how long and hard George Lucas worked just to get the film made. It also explains the problems they had with marketing and just getting a toy line manufacturer on board. Then it has several pages dedicated to the characters, whether they were Rebels, Imperials, creatures, bounty hunters, the vehicles and numerous droids, with a thorough explanation on each individual one. It also contains key moments from each film, trivia on each film and the title crawls for each film. This is an absolute must have for Star Wars geeks such as myself. My copy came free when I purchased the box set, but separately it is \$5.00 and I believe it's worth the money to have this special collector's edition magazine to go with the greatest films of all time... Foghorn

Decibel Magazine, The New Noise Issue #1, October 2004, 1032 Arch St., 3rd Floor, Philadelphia, PA 19107, www.decibelmagazine.com

One day I went to my P.O. Box hoping to find my first copy of my subscription to Fangoria magazine, and this just happened to be in my box. It's a new magazine, and I'm not exactly sure how they got my address, but I wasn't going to turn down a free magazine. Anyway, this is basically like the Resound magazine (which is distributed by Relapse Records), except that instead of being a catalog to order music from, it contains all the same bands but with articles on them. Some of those bands are Dillinger Escape Plan, Lamb of God, Mastodon, Helmet, Shadows Fall, Carcass, Kittie, Canderia, etc. I think you get the picture. It contains plenty of c.d. reviews, interviews, feature articles, advertisements, etc., basically everything you expect from a professional magazine. My big complaint is there is nothing in here on any of the bands I care about (except Helmet). And at \$4.95 an issue (although much cheaper if you subscribe), it's just not worth the money. Other than the Helmet article, the only thing of value I got out of this magazine was finding out Slayer will be releasing a live DVD with Dave Lombardo on drums called Reign in Blood Live, Still Reigning. This will feature the entire Reign in Blood album captured live from the recent Jagermeister Tour with several camera angles and hopefully more goodies as well. At least I got something of value out of this... Foghorn

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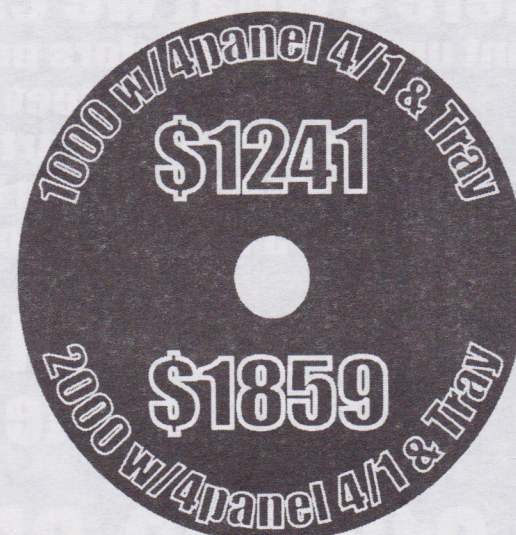
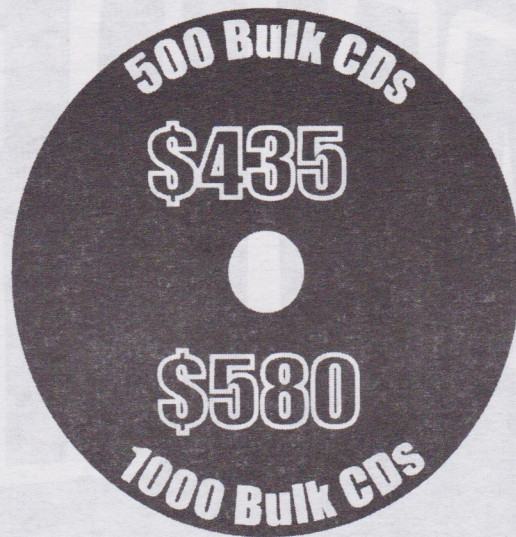


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